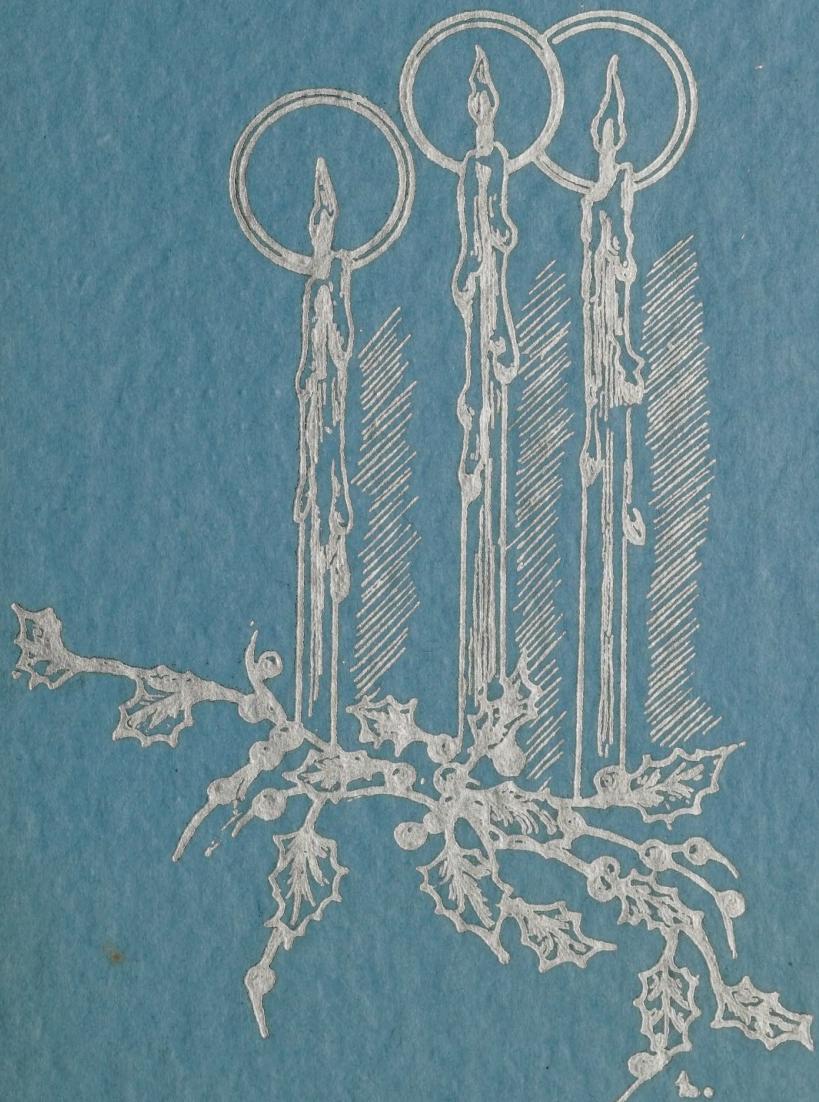


PINKERTON ACADEMY

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The Pinkerton Critic

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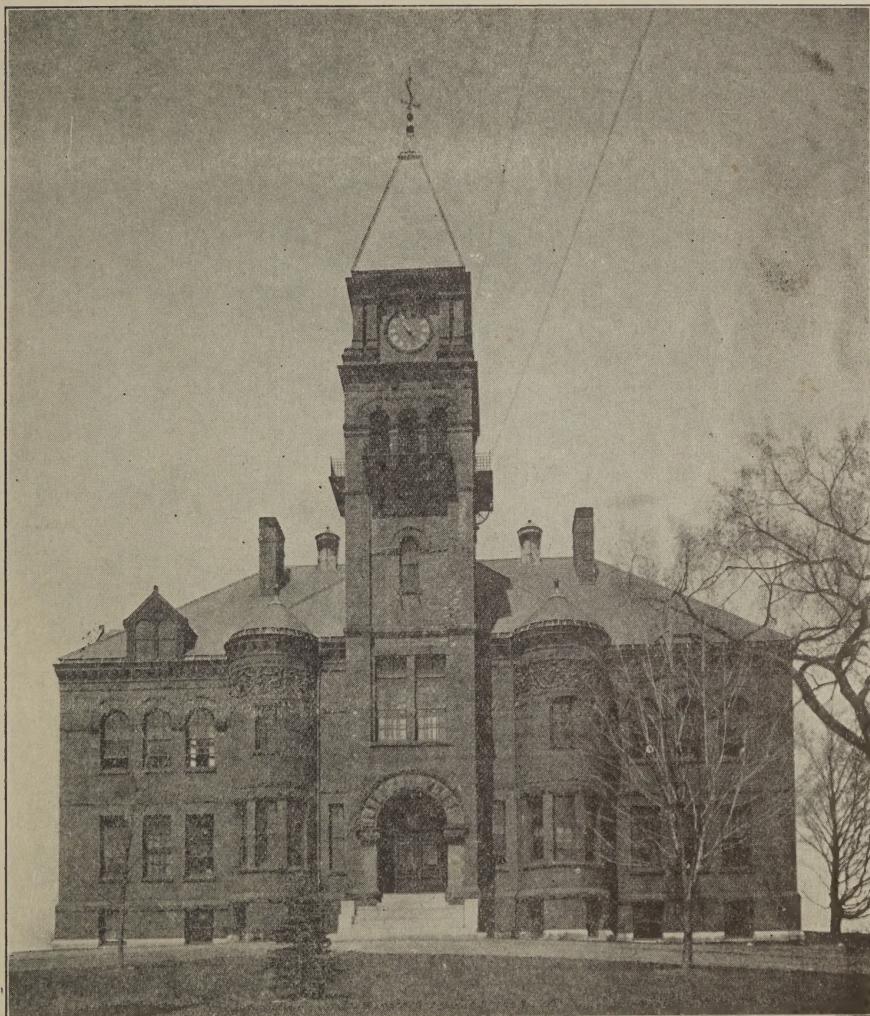
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“PINKERTON”



DERRY VILLAGE, N. H.



O Pinkerton, we hail thee,
Facing the eastern light ;
We'll strive for thee and
praise thee—
For the red and for the
white.



EDITORIAL



WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW?

We are now ending the third year of World War II, and the town is practically empty of young men who, in normal times, would be looking forward to a college, business or agricultural career. These young men have put aside their dreams and have instead taken up arms to smash the enemy who would smash them. It is necessary to note that these men have only put aside their dreams, but have not given them up altogether. Each and every young man on the fighting fronts looks forward to peace and the right to pursue his own course in life.

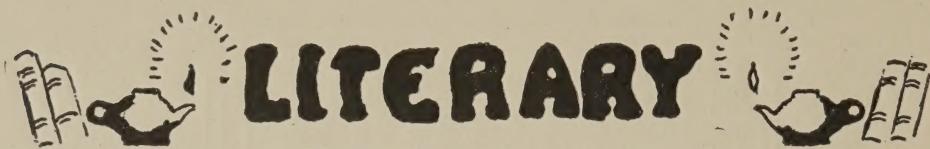
We, here, at home, must make it possible for fighting men to accomplish that which they wish to do. The government, along with the servicemen, has drawn up a series of rights and privileges for the returning men which are listed under the title of the G. I. Bill of Rights. Under this bill the servicemen will be able to resume their studies. The government and the citizens are prepared to pay the expenses of every serviceman who wishes to continue his education whether it be in high school, college or any other place of learning.

Many men who have entered the service without going through high school have expressed the wish that they had continued their education while they had the opportunity and their great desire is to accomplish this in the post-war era. When they hear of the thousands of high school students who have given up their studies to enter defense plants, they wonder about it and are a little bit disappointed. Yes, it is patriotic to back up the boys, but each student can do more by first getting a complete high school education. He can prepare himself for the future by being more alert, and intelligent, and by having an education to back himself up.

This country, although at war, has not stopped in its progress. On the contrary, the country has taken rapid strides in every field of industry. We now have many new inventions and discoveries which, ironically, remained unknown until war disclosed them. Naturally, it is necessary to have intelligent and alert minds to place and to keep these important inventions into use. The high school students of today will be the scientists, businessmen, farmers and leaders of tomorrow. It is important that each student have a thorough understanding of all that goes on around him.

There will not always be a war. It is absolutely essential that plans be made for a post-war world. Every person's ideas will be taken into consideration. Let the workers of today produce the war tools, but let the leaders of tomorrow, the young high school students, look toward the future and prepare for it.

The Editor



WINTER

Winter is, as you well know, one of the four seasons of the year. It starts on the twenty-first day of December and ends on the twentieth day of March. This is the season when a great many people say, "Well, I'll certainly be glad when summer comes and I can be comfortable and warm." The funny part of it is that in the summer these same people say, "Boy, I'll be so glad when winter comes so I can be comfortable. It's easier to keep warm in winter than it is to keep cool in weather like this." When it's winter it's perfectly all right with me and when it's summer I'm just as contented.

When someone speaks of winter, there are three different pictures of which I like to think. The first is when the snow has just fallen and everything is covered with a beautiful blanket. The smoothness of the snow is unbroken by footsteps or paths, and the trees are bending under their burden of beautiful white snow. Every once in a while a tree will let its burden slip off and you will hear a muffled plop. The air is clear and silence reigns except for a few small noises which the trees and the few small birds make. This scene is extremely beautiful in the bright sunlight which makes it dazzling. In the moonlight this scene would be like something from a story book or Christmas card.

The second picture I like to think of is one of an open fire with a sofa in front of it. It is warm and cozy in the room and the only light is from the fire. There is a snow storm outside and the silence is broken by the occasional howl of the wind, the crackling of snow against the panes in the window, and the crackling and snapping of burning logs. The air is filled with the aroma of pop corn and burning wood. The fire light flickers on the walls and all is peace and silence.

The third picture is one of a small pond. The wind has swept the snow from the smooth clear ice and the moon shines down, making the whole pond sparkle in its light. There are people skating on the pond weaving back and forth and round and round, stopping only a few seconds to warm their hands at the fire on the shore around which there are long logs to sit on. There is laughter in the air and the sharp blades of the skates make clear sharp noises on the ice. The air is clear and cold, but no one minds its coldness. In the distance there is the sound of a lonesome train blowing its whistle. It is a cold sound, but it has a beauty to it.

The other day I was looking through a book when I ran across this little poem:

When the snow falls,
Behold each bush and tree
Till then fast bound by winter,
Breaks forth into such blossoms
As in spring we never see.

This was written by a Japanese poet in the seventeenth century.

I have mentioned the things I like to think about when someone mentions winter. There are many things I don't like to think about. I don't like to shovel paths and I don't like to think of falling on slippery sidewalks or of getting my feet wet, but I still think winter is the most beautiful season of all.

Barbara Fowler '45

ON TAKING A BATH

On one of these cold frosty Saturday mornings I jump up from my nice warm bed and dash down the long dark hall, to have the bathroom door slam in my face and little brother (dear little brother) standing there with his sailboat under one arm screaming, "Me next! Me next!" Horrors!! Gathering my robe about me, back to bed I go.

Half or three-quarters of an hour later I determine to make my second attempt. Gathering up my courage, I get up from my bed and again dash down the dark hall, only to find the bathroom door still shut. I decide to stand and wait. Inside I can hear little brother. "Whee-ee Whee-ee!" Splash, Splash. "Mommy, lookit my sailboat!"

Finally my impatience gets the best of me and I beat my fists against the door until it seems as if either my fists or the door should break at any moment. Mother says, "Be patient, dear."

At last I hear the click of the lock on the bathroom door and out steps Mother, practically dragging little brother, who is screaming at the top of his lungs (as usual). "Me wanna sail boat. Me wanna sail boat."

I enter the bathroom and lock the door after me. I then walk over to the tub not knowing whether it is a mirage or the real thing. I turn on the faucet only to get a barrage of ice cold water full in the face. I turn off the faucet and upon examining it closely I find that little brother has put part of the sail inside the faucet, causing it to spray. Well, I soon remedy this.

Then I fill the tub with water and I am just about ready to get in when I happen to glance at the soap dish and see there isn't any soap. "Mother," I scream, "there isn't any soap," and I start across the bathroom towards the door only to step on the soap which little brother threw out of the tub because he said, "Tastes ausell." Slowly I pick up the soap, and myself and get into the tub. I just get settled when Mother knocks at the door saying, "Telephone call for you, dear."

"Jeepers," I say and then —————

Ding, ding, ding, ding goes my alarm clock. I roll over. Oh my goodness, I think, it's Saturday morning. I've been dreaming. Up I jump from my nice warm bed and dash down the long dark hall to find little brother standing by the bathroom door with his precious sailboat under his arm. Oh no, not again. Please! ! ! !

Janice Abbott '45

RELATIVES

There are absolutely no two people alike. This is a generally accepted fact, but when you consider your relatives you may begin to wonder. It is surprising how alike all aunts are (as aunts), or grandmothers (as grandmothers), or uncles (as uncles). As individuals these people are in no way alike, but as aunts or uncles—well, as I have said, it is surprising! If you do bother to notice any difference in these people when they are playing their respective roles as relatives, it is merely to decide that some you like—some you don't.

Grandmothers are the most "liked" relatives among the young grandchildren of a family. Why? Because grandmother lets her grandchildren do exactly as they please. Even though grandmothers are invariably "old fashioned", and because they have no direct authority over their grandchildren, this antiquity of ideas can be looked upon with benevolence by the young "moderns" and considered part of grandmother's required quaintness.

Aunts are an entirely different proposition. There is no general ruling, as with grandmothers, that aunts must be liked or even countenanced and there are as many "disliked" as "liked" aunts. In order to be liked, an aunt must spread her affections equally and generously over any number of nieces and nephews. The smaller the number, the easier her task is. If the aunt is successful at the "spreading", she then has the added situation of contending with all of the admiring nieces and nephews who are continuously vying for more than their share of her favor. With conditions thus it is no wonder that aunts eventually wear under the strain and can make no effort to be friendly. Their game is a losing one, for no matter what course they take, they cannot please everyone. As the "liked" aunt cannot give her whole attention to each one of her nieces and nephews at once, there are always those who are discontent. If she gives up and makes no effort whatsoever to be "special nice", the same results come about—only faster.

Uncles, as a whole, have less trouble than aunts. Being stronger constitutionally, they are able to attain an aloofness and survive the strain of being habitually nice without too much visible stress except for a newly acquired dignity adopted for the purpose of self defense. Uncles do "crack up" and become grouchy occasionally, but for the most part they are strong enough to withstand all—"all" signifying the nephews and nieces, of course.

In any family, the group in which the most evident rivalry exists is the cousins. The cousins' actions are indirectly responsible for the position of the aunts, for in any minor or major fracas among the cousins, she invariably drops her "auntly" air and supports her own children, causing friction in every quarter. In their "youngster" stage the cousins always interrupt every family gathering by quarreling among themselves. Though this is an innocent and expected pastime it never fails to ignite an inter-relation brawl, for the adult members of the family always step in and "take sides", turning a children's squabble into a conflict of momentous results. Affairs eventually settle back to normal with everyone feeling rather foolish, but it can be seen that cousins, especially while young, are an extremely potent force whose actions are forever bubbling through the solid foundations of a family causing volcanic frictions. As they grow up the cousins become

more congenial and when they form a friendship, it is always genuine and lasting—a family tie and the recollection of closely shared experiences making it all the more beautiful.

Perhaps the most important group of relatives is made up of the grandfathers; for grandfathers are liked not only by their grandchildren, but by all members of a family. Since I was unable to know either of my grandfathers perhaps I am not qualified to write even an opinion concerning them. Perhaps I admire grandfathers merely because they have always represented the unobtainable to me. But from seeing others' grandfathers I have drawn the conclusion that they are the best of all relatives, because as grandfathers they do not take on any set mannerisms, like the aunts and uncles, but just act like themselves. They are able to relate, almost without end, amusing incidents of their past life, are never old-fashioned, are extremely tolerant, and, as I mentioned previously, are liked by all members of their family.

All of these observations on relatives, except the grandfathers, are purely my own conclusions derived from my knowledge of my own "clan". The most interesting and confusing thing of it all is that one person is often an aunt, cousin and grandchild all at once and is able to take on the respective personality of each when playing that role,—also, a person may be a very nice cousin but a terrible aunt or vice versa—and still be the same person!

Verna O'Brien '45

THE WHITE CLIFFS

The inspiring narrative poem, "The White Cliffs", which was recently made into a motion picture, was written by Alice Duer Miller.

True, it has propaganda in it, designed to foster good feeling toward England, but it does so with honesty as it presents the virtues and the faults of the English.

A young American girl, Sue Dunne, went to England for a holiday, planning to spend a week. There she met and fell in love with a titled Englishman. Consequently she married him and the week became a lifetime. He was killed in the first World War and so she brought up her son as an Englishman, as his father would have wanted, holding to English tradition and customs.

When the second war came, she wondered if England were worth losing two loved ones for, and if the bad didn't outweigh the good. She pondered and weighed England against itself. In the end she knew:

"I have seen much to hate here; much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live."

The movie based on the poem was good, but was changed in many ways. Poetry by Robert Nathan was added in parts. A love interest was added here, an occupation changed there.

The picture failed to capture the magic of the poetry. It had a quality of its own but it failed to compare with the poem which had a quiet dignity as great as the white cliffs themselves.

Cynthia Selden '46

IT'S NEVER FAILED YET

It's September 20, the first day of duck hunting and I'm stranded in English Class, dwelling on the picturesque background of Shakespear and those melancholy plays of old. Far off in the distant blue I can hear the rapid reports of a shotgun, probably bringing down that very mallard that I had hopes of eating myself. Finally 2:30—the zero hour has come. In other words, school is over for the day, and I am free to concentrate on our migratory wild fowl.

Naturally, all of us duck hunters have our favorite hunting place and, no doubt, most of them have at least one duck he can truthfully say he has shot, and not purchased on the side. For myself, well—we won't dwell on that side of the story.

I don my expensive duck hunting paraphernalia which, incidently, consists of one pair of dilapidated hunting boots, a pair of dungarees and anything else that I can keep warm in. Now, my adventure starts.

After tramping for miles, I arrive at my destination and proudly get settled in my comfortable, rather wet, duck blind. All I have to do now is to wait patiently. After two hours of that, I begin to wonder what for, but being a man with a strong constitution and a lot of faith, I am resolved to wait until the sun sets. It soon arrives—I mean the sun set with its beautiful radiant rays settling over my swampy paradise.

Luck is with me for one lone duck came winging in from the west. Why more don't come, I don't know; for it seems to me that if I were a duck, this is where I would come. Well, in he comes, and as he draws closer, I slowly raise my gun and release the safety. He is now only a hundred feet from me. The big moment has arrived. I let drive with both barrels. The smoke clears. It has happened and I have missed again. I stand up and watch him head east, gradually growing smaller and more difficult to see as the golden sun settles behind the horizon.

As I light my pipe and slowly start for home, I say to myself, I never liked duck hunting anyway!!!

Robert Johnson '45

HORSES!

Horses, horses, horses! I could repeat that word twenty more times, and each time be thinking of a different type of horse. There are many people who think a horse merely an animal with four legs, a head and tail, which one either mounts for a ride through the country, drives in a Concord buggy, or follows behind a plow or mowing machine; but to my mind, a horse is an individual, such as a person, and is as different from any other horse as Mary Jones is from Jane Smith.

For instance, that chestnut over there in the pasture has a personality all his own. He has a certain disposition which is a characteristic only of the chestnut. If you come to the gate, he will trot up to you, waiting to be taken for a ride, and eager to please you and do as he is bid. Also in the pasture is a dapple gray mare, that is grazing contentedly in the sun. When you come to the gate, she appears to pay no attention whatsoever; but should you have an apple in your hand, it

seems as though some gremlin has informed her, and she walks slowly to the gate. She has no desire to take her mistress or master for a ride, but the apple attracts her, as a magnet attracts a pin.

Often times a horse's personality and disposition are influenced by the way in which he is brought up. This is also true of children. If a child is pampered and spoiled, it grows up doing only the things it wishes to do, and balking at tasks which are distasteful to it. So it is with a horse. However, if a horse is trained with a firm rein, he develops into a satisfactory and agreeable animal, doing the things he likes with spirit and pleasure, and never balking at tasks which do not appeal to him.

Yes, a horse is an individual, possessing disposition and personality; and although many people laugh, there is such a thing as "good horse sense"!

Miriam Dearborn '45

AUCTIONITIS

"Going-going-gone! Sold to the little lady over there for just twenty-five cents." The auctioneer handed the article to the "little lady" and picked up another object. I wondered what in the world she would do with the hideous monstrosity she had purchased. It was an old vase, probably cherished by great great grandmother but which had lain in the attic for the last quarter century. It was about two feet high and was covered with garlands of brownish yellow roses. I knew the purchaser was considered rather queer so I watched her when she picked up what I considered a terrible waste of money. But obviously she was very happy about her new possession as she smiled at everyone when she walked off clutching the vase tightly.

I thought what auctions can do to people when the auctioneer's helper handed down some dirty rag dolls to an elderly man. I didn't have time to wonder what he would do with them because he immediately gave them to a little girl standing beside him. She looked at them distastefully but thanked him politely. The old man beamed all over probably thinking he had done a very kind deed.

About that time I decided to go home. I couldn't stand there in the drizzling rain while people spent their money on worthless junk. As I turned to leave I heard an exclamation of joy from the woman beside me. I turned quickly and also let out an involuntary exclamation. The auctioneer was holding a small vase about four inches high. The bottom part was of perfectly rounded cut glass and the top turned out in fluted edges of red glass. I wanted it so badly I bid recklessly. But it went up to five dollars and I knew I could not possibly have it. To console myself I bought a homely little gold and white glass slipper.

As I was leaving I heard a woman mutter, "What queer things people buy!" Was she talking about me? Well, I didn't care anyhow. I knew now what made people here buy curious junky things. They, like me, had the awful disease of "auctionitis".

Pauline Nelson '46

ATTICS

Some people have the most wonderful attics. Not only are they large and roomy, but they are filled with tales of adventure, mystery, and romance. To some people trunks of old clothing are just old clothing, but to me they spell stories with a capital S.

Have you ever opened an old trunk found in an attic and taken out yards of clothing which is colored with age? When I say yards, I really mean it, because in olden days a dress without ruffles and flounces and hoops just wasn't seen. The old dresses are usually scented with cedar or perhaps lavender. This scent mingled with dust tickles your nose, but you love it. It is a symbol of the neatness of perhaps your grandmother or your great-grandmother. It makes you proud.

Perhaps, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, you will come upon a wedding gown of yellowed white satin or silk. It takes your breath away (or at least it does mine) to think that a young, proud woman walked down the aisle to meet the young man of her choice. What pride she must have felt to think that every seam of her gown was stitched by her. It was the duty of the old-fashioned bride to make her own wedding gown.

Most modern architects scorn attics because they aren't "stylish", but give me a house with an attic overhead. It gives me a feeling of security to think that the bare roof isn't directly over my head. Roofs are all right, but a space between them and me is better.

The favorite saying of most families is "Put it in the attic". I'm glad. If families don't store things away then how will future generations really get the feeling of pride in their ancestors?

Gladys Hoisington '45



WELCOME

The Critic Staff of Pinkerton Academy wishes to welcome the new members of the faculty—Miss Fosberry, Mr. Smith and Mr. Whitten—and the class of 1948.

We hope that your days at Pinkerton will be enjoyable and long remembered in the years to come.

The Critic Staff

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Dear Santa Claus,

Here is the latest news concerning the Senior Class.

We started off the year with fifty-seven members and Mr. Conner as our class adviser. The first thing we did was to elect our class officers. They are as follows:

President	Sherman Brickett
Vice President	Patricia Senter
Secretary	Barbara Griffin
Treasurer	Barbara Fowler
Student Council	Verna O'Brien Frederick Ball

After doing this, we began to make plans for the Freshmen Reception. The following committees were formed:

Orchestra Committee	General Committee
Claire Cote	Claire Dion
James Gratton	Miriam Dearborn
Lewis Morrison	Frederick Ball

At the same time we elected the following committee for the Senior Corn Roast:

Samuel Low	Areadne Katsakiores
Barbara Griffin	Henry Spaulding

Due to bad weather we held the Corn Roast at Pinkerton and cooked our food in a fireplace built out on the campus. The new teachers were initiated and a good time was had by all.

Our class is well represented on the football team by Captain Frederick Ball, Lewis Morrison, Courtney Allen and Donald Sanderson.

Gloria Gallien is captain of the Senior Class Hockey Team and Elaine Latulippe is manager. The following are on the team:

Gloria Gallien	Claire Cote
Elaine Latulippe	Miriam Dearborn
Barbara Gallien	Arline Patnaude
Barbara Fowler	Claire Dion
Areadne Katsakiores	

The Senior Class have had their pictures taken so as to have them in time for Christmas.

The captain of the Senior Football Team is Frederick Ball and Sidney Gross is manager.

The captain of the Senior Volleyball Team is Sherman Brickett with Robert Johnson as manager.

DO YOU KNOW WHY

A certain Senior boy pays so much attention to Abbott Street this year?
 A girl of the Senior Class enjoys going to Baptist Conventions so much?
 That bashful Senior boy turns red at the sight of the Junior redhead?
 The letters that come so often from Hawaii seem to arouse the excitement of
 one of the girls in the Senior Class?
 North Avenue has a certain attraction for a group of Junior boys?
 That certain Sophomore redhead smiles so sweetly whenever she meets Bill
 Gratton?

Sincerely,

Joan Curtis '45

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Dear Santa,

How the year has passed! We Juniors have been so busy that it seems impossible that Christmas is here again.

We elected our class officers at the beginning of the year and they are as follows:

President	Ernest Booky
Vice President	Dorothy Young
Secretary	Barbara Wheeler
Treasurer	Wayne Evans
Student Council	Margaret Gibbs
	Donald Small

The Seniors have permitted us to send for our rings this year and we have elected Louise Smith as chairman of the committee. Working with her on the committee are Margaret Gibbs, Thomas Moynihan, and Ernest Booky.

Three more of our boys have entered the service. They are Raymond Thibeault, Robert Record, and Lawrence Hayes. We wish them all a lot of luck.

A number of our boys made the football squad — Wayne Evans, Raymond Levesque, Grant Benson, William Boyce, Thomas Moynihan, Kenneth Hartman, Frank Young, and Wallace Thomas. David Hubbard is manager.

We elected Marjorie Cummings as captain of our Field Hockey Team. Claire Bienvenue was elected manager. We have had a successful season.

Oh, Santa, the class has been pondering about a few things and we were wondering if you could tell us:

If Margie is still Hunt(ing) in Chester?
 What Claire finds so exciting at Wilson's Crossing?
 If Tommie is really planning to go steady?
 Why Phiddie turned off the ignition?

Sincerely,

Dorothy Young '46

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Dear Santa,

This year it seems as if we shouldn't ask for many Christmas gifts, but we'd appreciate it if you'd send our share to the fighting forces.

If you can only find time to read our notes we'll be satisfied.

We wish to inform you that Paul Curtis was elected President of our class; Shirley Pressey, Vice President; Dorcas Caron, Secretary; and Joe Curtis, Treasurer. The Student Council members are John Seavey and Pauline Marquis.

As for sports, Eleanor Martel is Captain of Field Hockey and Corinne Dalton is manager.

Norman Merizon is the only Sophomore on the Varsity football squad.

We gave the annual Hallowe'en party on October 27. Everyone, including the orchestra, came in costume. A good time was had by all.

Santa, have you heard about the good time "Mac" and Johnny had at a certain party? It was supposed to be a club meeting. Would you please find out what club it was so that we girls can join?

Also, would you please remind Pauline to share her brother; after all there is a man-shortage.

Santa, could you please tell me what kind of girls Harry Banfill likes? We'd like to get acquainted.

Beverly seems to be pretty sleepy lately. Has it anything to do with you, Joe?

Sincerely,

Avis Carey '47

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Dear Santa Claus,

Our first important event that took place was our initiation. With bathing suits, long underwear and grain bags, the girls were not easily recognized. The Sophomores had a good time doing this, but I think we enjoyed it even more.

The Freshmen wore the traditional pink and blue bonnets at the Freshman Reception, October 6, 1944. Charles Bartlett rode in the baby carriage.

The class of '48 is proud that Charles Bartlett, Lowell Crabb, Donald Wyman, John Palmer, Arthur Laporte, George Tyler, George Mauzy, and Kenneth Lord have all played on the football squad this season.

Phyllis Willey, Betty Thayer, and Lorraine Marquis represent the Freshmen Class for Sub-Varsity Cheerleading. Our class cheerleaders are Theresa Joyce, Helen Martel, Avis Brooks, and Joanne Butterfield.

The Freshman Class made a good showing in Girls' Field Hockey this season. They elected Joanne Butterfield as Captain and Avis Brooks as Manager.

We wonder why Avis Brooks suddenly turned from the Navy to the Air Corps. Could it be because of a boy named Jimmy?

Who's the Freshman boy called "Daisy"? Ask Dorothy Woodward.

We'd like to know who the Freshman girl is who had such a good time with a certain Sophomore at the Hallowe'en Party. Could the boy's name be "Lefty"?

We wonder who the "wolf" of our class is. (Hint: Mason).

Why did Anna Dawn Eaton cease singing that song called, "Oh, Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?"

Sincerely,

Joanne Butterfield '48

Boys' Athletic Notes

Starting the gridiron season in September, 1944, Pinkerton Academy too felt the blow that is being felt by the nation's athletic teams in high schools and colleges—the loss of athletes to the armed forces. Like so many other schools, Pinkerton began the season with only four returning veterans on the squad. Although this was a great handicap, some thirty players turned out for the sport.

We were very fortunate to have Mr. George Smith for our new coach, for it is mostly due to his emphasis on calisthenics and rugged practise, and his tireless efforts to promote a spirited team that we had such a successful, if not an undefeated team. He constructed a team that the Academy should feel did its best to keep football the fair, wholesome sport we have always stressed and played.

To give you a better idea of the team, here are a few words about the players of the 1944 team:

Fred Ball, Captain: A fast left-end player with many capabilities that he used to every advantage, offensively and defensively. "When he ran, he outran the best!"

Wayne Evans: One of our trustiest left tackles for two years, who was always Johnny-on-the-left-spot. "When he hits 'em, he hits 'em!"

Grant Benson: A new member in the position of right tackle, but his hidden ability to block and tackle are now unconcealed and his teammates regard him as able and willing. "Coming around him has cost many an opponent yardage!"

Bill Boyce: Another new holder of the center position on the year's team. A good man on defense for the line, and his swell job of centering the ball deserves credit. "P. A. has a new dependable player here!"

Lewis Morrison: Our "Husky" of some 170 pounds who can really guard that right position with plenty of worry for those opponents on offense as well. He was in on every play! "He plays with every ounce in him—so surmise what that adds up to!"

Ray Levesque: A dashing red-head who bucked plenty all season and gave his all for each play of which he was a part. "His red hair gives away his "fighting spirit!"

Courtney Allen: A veteran of two years at right end and worth his weight in gold to the team. He kept many an opponent from charging through. "Just a natural to the sport!"

Kan Hartman: Quarterback of this year's team and also a veteran of last, gave his all for each game. He could really run a shifty length through interference. "Light, but mighty fast on the broken field!"

Norman Merizon: A new man in our line-up who made plenty of yardage for the team and ran a slick path from the halfback's spot. Dependable and quick-thinking. "He had to be **hit** to go down!"

Ernie Booky: Playing as fullback again for P. A. this year, he proved that swell blocking and fast running give plenty toward pushing P. A.'s scores up, "Resourceful and plenty fast!"

Tommy Moynihan: A back field man, who although new at the sport, really bucked the line on the offense and defense. He could run and he could knock them down. "Leave it to the Irish to do a good job!"

Chuck Bartlett: An amazing "Frosh" who can really play a great game of football—even at this early stage. A wonderful back field man—steady and dependable with shoe-string tackles to boot. "If he is good now, give him time!"

Not half enough can be said on behalf of all the boys who are on the squad. That would take more space than is possible, but any P. A. football fan will tell you with what results these new boys came through. Much credit is due them. They are Donald Sanderson, Frank Young, William Mauzy, Guy Wiggins, Wallace Thomas, George Tyler, George Mauzy, Benjamin Gurley, Arthur LaPorte, Lowell Crabbs, Kenneth Lord, Robert Laney, Donald Wyman, and John Palmer.

I will now tell you of the season—its disappointments and its achievements.

Our first game was neither a victory nor a defeat. We evened up with a 6-6 tie score with St. John's. The teams both played a good game, but neither team was able to score.

Our next game was with Manchester West which resulted in a scoreless tie 0-0. A game well-played which added a bit of confidence for the Red and White.

We brought home a victory of 19-6 from St. Joseph in a night game. This was another bit of good fortune for the boys who played hard to "Bring home the bacon".

Our first bitter defeat came from a better team—Methuen. A score of 34-0 was a hard blow for the Red and White.

Traveling to Tewksbury the team again took a defeat, thus making two in a row. This game ended 19-7 with Tewksbury in the lead.

The last game of the season, which was played between Chelmsford and Pinkerton, resulted in a 7-6 victory for Pinkerton. This was the last game for the Senior boys so we should, at this time, give them the credit they deserve for being out on the field fighting for the Red and White.

A sportsmanship award, donated by an anonymous fan of Pinkerton Academy, will be awarded to one of the members of the 1945 football squad. The winner of the award will be judged in sportsmanship and citizenship and it will be made some time before Christmas. We are proud to know that someone is as interested in our school as to make such an award, and may the best man win!

Kenneth Hartman '46

Girls' Athletic Notes

The Field Hockey season started a few weeks after school opened and went through a very successful season under the capable coaching of Miss Margaret Fosberry. The position of manager was filled by Barbara Fowler.

An eager group of girls from each class reported for practice, making it possible for class games to get under way. Each class team fought hard to win and also to acquire the hockey trophy.

The following Captains and Managers were elected to lead the teams:

Captains

Seniors	Gloria Gallien
Juniors	Marjorie Cummings
Sophomores	Eleanor Martel
Freshmen	Joanne Butterfield

Managers

Seniors	Elaine Latulippe
Juniors	Claire Bienvenue
Sophomores	Corrine Dalton
Freshmen	Avis Brooks

The Seniors and Sophomores made the championship game very interesting. The Sophomores put up a good fight, but the Seniors were victorious by a score of 1 to 0.

The following are the games — lost, won, and tied by the four classes:

Class	Won	Lost	Tied
Senior	6	2	4
Sophomore	6	2	4
Junior	5	4	3
Freshman	0	10	2

The Field Hockey Varsity was chosen by Miss Fosberry and the Letter-women, and it is as follows:

Center	Barbara Gallien
Center Half	Gloria Gallien
Right Inner	Claire Dion
Left Inner	Miriam Dearborn
Right Halfback	Areadne Katsakiores
Left Halfback	Claire Cote
Right Fullback	Amy Bunker
Left Fullback	Janice Abbott
Right Wing	Arline Patnaude
Left Wing	Claire Bienvenue
Goalie	Elaine Latulippe

Substitutes

Marilyn Gordon Eleanor Martel Leona Latulippe
 Miriam Dearborn was elected captain of the Field Hockey Varsity Team.

On Tuesday, November 14, 1944, the Dainty Dots of the Senior Class challenged the Hot Shots, also of the Senior Class, to a Field Hockey game. The rough and tumble, and I do mean tumble, Hot Shots gave the Dainty Dots a good run-around. The Hot Shots were victorious by a score of 1 to 0.

The line-up was as follows:

The Dainty Dots

Center — Barbarian Queen Gallien
 Center Half — Captain Tiger Slugging Tyke
 R. Inner — Slaughter House Dion
 L. Inner — Dare Devil Dearborn
 R. Halfback — Beat 'em Ball Cote
 L. Halfback — Killer Diller Katsy
 R. Fullback — "Lights out" Abbott
 L. Fullback — Panty Waist Fowler
 R. Wing — Gritty Witty Griffin
 L. Wing — Pistol Packin' Patnaude
 Goalie — Bloomin' Battlin' Latulippe

The Hot Shots

Center — Master of the Mighty Muscles Morrison
 Center Half — Keep your eye on 'em Johnson
 R. Inner — Rip Roarin' Richardson
 L. Inner — Sizzlin' Sam, the Bogie Man
 R. Halfback — Mighty Mauler Marquis
 L. Halfback — Roaring Root the Ripper
 R. Fullback — Up and at 'em, Slug and bat 'em Spaulding
 L. Fullback — Straight from the hills Mills
 R. Wing — Going, going, going, gone Gratton
 L. Wing — Beat up Cote Ball
 Goalie — Holy Goalie Courtney

Areadne Katsakiores '45

Alumni Notes

The following graduates of '44 are in the service.

Thomas Caron	Army Air Corps
Merle Johnson	Army Air Corps
Thurman Johnson	Army Air Corps
Herbert Bean	Navy
Robert Bover	Navy
Raymond Buckley	Navy
Maurice Piper	Navy
Wallace Scott	Navy
Leon Smith	Navy

The following are continuing their education in various hospitals and colleges:

Margie Andrewes — Malden Hospital, Malden, Massachusetts
 Helen Lambert — Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, New Hampshire
 Helen Scott — Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, New Hampshire
 Geraldine Stannard — Cambridge Hospital, Cambridge, Massachusetts
 Reva Wright — Cambridge Hospital, Cambridge, Massachusetts
 Teresa Bokon — University of New Hampshire
 Shirley Gross — University of New Hampshire
 Shirley Ross — Elliott Hospital, Manchester, New Hampshire
 Others who are employed out of state:

Helen Berry Bristol, Connecticut
 Glenna Cote Washington, D. C.
 Pauline Duvarney Washington, D. C.
 Ruth MacGregor Washington, D. C.
 Lois Richardson Washington, D. C.
 Elaine Pitt (Mrs. Arthur Mills '42) California

Those who have found it more convenient to remain in Derry or nearby towns are:

Muriel Bain	Derry
Maizie Carey	Derry
Jacqueline Cassidy (Mrs. Gordon Robie '41)	Derry
Hilda Estabrook	Derry
Roland Gamache	Derry
Leander Hardy	East Derry
Arthur MacGregor	East Derry
Bernice Martel	Derry
Carmela Matarazzo	Derry
Dorothy Merrill	Derry
William Merrill	Londonderry
Mary Mitchell	Derry
Lorraine Ninan (Mrs. Bernard Holm '34)	Derry
Winton Ralston	Derry
Phyllis Watts	Londonderry
Bertha Wiggins (Mrs. Russell Holm '36)	Derry
Jean Young	Derry

INTERESTING ITEMS

Engaged

Miss Doris Davis to David Emery, '41
 Miss Bertha Smith, '41, to Clyde MacDougall
 Miss Elizabeth Plunkett, Bridgeton, Maine, to
 P. F. C. Charles Ackerman, U. S. A., class of '40
 Miss Louise Brewer, Kennet Square, Penn., to
 Ensign Alan B. Shepard, Jr., U. S. N., '40
 Miss Bernice Martell, '44, to Pvt. Raymond Hall
 U. S. A. C., class of '43.

Marriages

Miss Phyllis Ball, '43, to Robert MacWha, U. S. N., class of '42
 Miss Adelaide Messier, '41, to Roland Bonenfant, U. S. N., class of '41
 Lt. Mildred Hutton, WAC, class of '36, to Lt. Burleigh Loveitt, U. S. A.
 Miss Gwendolyn Doubleday, '42, to Jay Max Mabry, U. S. N.
 Miss Ruth Severance, '44, to John Devine, '37
 Miss Elizabeth Leahy, New Bedford to Staff Sgt. Thomas Grady, '36
 Miss Stella Skibb, '33, to Lt. Comdr. Evans Rogers Dick, U. S. N. R.
 Miss Mary Dorman, '41, to Robert Bover, U. S. N. R., class of '44
 Miss Maureen Webb, '38, to Pvt. Leo J. Pieroni, A. A. C., class of '38

Gold Stars

Notice of the death of T-Cpl. John H. Keddy, U. S. A., was received by his wife, Mrs. Lura H. Keddy. T-Cpl. Keddy died of wounds suffered in France.

A graduate of the class of 1939, Cpl. Laurice Langelier, U. S. A., was killed in action overseas, according to word received by his relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall, Derry, received notice of the death of their son, Alan Boyden Hall, U. S. N., who was killed in action. He was a graduate of the class of 1942.

Awards

P. F. C. Arthur Evans, U. S. A., class of '42, has been awarded the Combat Infantryman's badge and a commendation from General MacArthur.

Henry Dorman, A. O. 1-c, has received a citation and the Air Medal for his part in sinking an enemy submarine. He is a graduate of the class of 1938.

Col. Mason J. Young, U. S. A., has been awarded the Silver Star for "extreme gallantry in action" on D-Day.

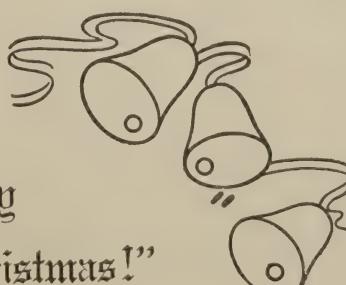
S-Sgt. Paul Hicks has been presented the Distinguished Flying Cross for "Extraordinary achievement" while serving as a gunner on a B-24 air craft. He graduated in 1942.

Cpl. Hans Hanson has been awarded the Bronze Star medal for "extinguishing a blazing pile of ammunition regardless of personal danger". Cpl. Hanson graduated with the class of 1941.

Sgt. Walter Borowski, '37, has received the Purple Heart for wounds received in action and the Silver Star for gallantry in action.



"Merry
Christmas!"



Roving Reporter

Co. A 15th Bn.
Camp Wheeler, Ga.
October 13, 1944

Dear "Roving Reporter",

I was surprised and delighted to receive your letter and realize that dear old Pinkerton still remembers me. It seems a long time since I've seen you, possibly because the Army keeps me so busy that I've lost all track of time. You claim you would like a little information about my experience in the Army and just what I am doing. Well, here goes—stop me if you've heard it before.

I am stationed at Camp Wheeler which is definitely an infantry outfit. This is supposed to be a mechanized war, but all we do is walk. These are the type of camps where raw recruits are fashioned into the type of fighting men of which our country is so proud. The G. I. Joe is one of the most highly trained fighting men today. He learns to handle efficiently 13 different weapons such as the M-1, '03 rifle, Carbine, the Machine gun, Browning Automatic Rifle, the Bazooka, 60 mm. Mortar, the flame thrower, as well as learning the intricacies of bayonet fighting.

The training takes seventeen weeks and by the time you finish you are confident in your fighting ability. However, there are many other things that a soldier must know before entering combat. Many hours are spent on First Aid, Military Courtesy, Field Sanitation, Physical Training, Drill, Map Reading, Compass Reading, Mine Laying, Booby Traps, Airplane and Tank Identification, Malaria Control, Interior Guard, Camouflage and Gas Mask Drill, as well as the all important Field Tactics.

The final two weeks are spent on bivouac where you get actual tastes of battle.

All in all you get a very good training. Rest assured that the American soldier is well-trained and able to take care of himself by the time he is shipped overseas.

Nearly all my outfit has been shipped overseas already. I am now attending the Non-Com school here and expect to return to my same Battalion to help train the new recruits. I guess they didn't hear how bad I was as a teacher. I expect to be stationed here for some time while awaiting an opening of O. C. S. (Officers' Candidate School).

Army life is certainly nothing to be recommended, but it is quite interesting and very necessary. It will surprise you all to hear that I am still alive after this rigorous training and feel wonderful. I have lost some weight as well as some hair—strictly G. I. Haircuts down here.

I miss Pinkerton very much and will never forget how wonderfully my family and I were treated there. I'm looking forward to returning some day to renew old acquaintances. Good luck to the new Coach and his football team and best wishes to all of you for a happy and successful school year.

Yours truly,
Coach McKernan

Crow Notes

Lost, strayed or stolen: One ring from a member of the class of '45. Initials E. M. Finder please return. No questions asked. Reward!!!

The strawberry blonde and her sister had a strong attraction for a pair of Senior boys one evening and early morning. A family must stick together.

That young Freshman football player called "Chuckie" may be bashful. Will he (Willey) see an interest in girls later on?

We wonder if Wayne can walk that road with his eyes closed. Anyway, you get a lot of studying done, don't you Simp?

Janice Abbott spends a lot of time down at the football field. She must have a great interest in football.

We see that "Cap" is back on the front steps again. That street light is kinda bright, "Cap".

Could that have been Tupper, the womanless man, we saw walking down to the rotary the other day with that blonde Senior named Dot?

"Red" and "Peg" had a little squabble, but we hope it was patched up.

Did Smitty enjoy that tiddley-wink game with "Cave Man Mauzy"? Millsy didn't seem to mind the company.

Merizon is really getting beaten up during football. Is it little Miss Abbott or is it football? Take it easy on him, Shirl, he plays a good game.

We wish Moynihan would make up his mind. Perhaps a Senior girl would, too.

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